

# Carole King, Goat Annie

When I was young I used to see her  
Herdin' her goats on the hillside  
No one knows  
And she ain't tellin' her age  
I'd say she's just about seventy-five

She's an old timer tryin'  
To hold on to what she's got  
They call her Goat Annie

I still remember the stories  
The townspeople told to each other  
Just because she liked her goats  
Better than people  
They said the devil was her brother

She never paid them no mind  
She just kept on  
Bein' herself - Goat Annie

She's a rare individual  
One of a dying breed  
Everything she's got  
Right now  
Is all she'll ever need

One day the government decided  
They had to have  
The land she lived on  
They came with the papers  
Polite as could be  
They said she had just thirty days  
To get gone

You could see them smirking  
We're just doin' our job here  
You understand, Goat Annie

She said, I was born and raised here  
Ain't never done wrong to no one  
You ain't gonna  
Throw me off my land, not  
Me or my goats or my shotgun

Then she leveled her 12-gauge  
With a blast, she sent 'em packin'  
Go, Goat Annie

Next day they came with the lawmen  
But that didn't get 'em nowhere  
Rather than shoot  
At a poor old lady  
They decided to let her  
Live her days out there

It doesn't happen very often  
But there are still some people  
With heart  
Like Goat Annie